I do not walk the streets that Borges did,
conjuring nighttime Argentina
in his near blindness, seeking
to etch its life in the beauty
of lasting words; nor do I haunt
these streets of moonlit Las Vegas,
seeking the same fulfillment of that dream.
My streets are my own, converging
from many points, but the moon
is always the same. For him,
for me. This city is lost in darkness
despite its neon glow; its streets and houses,
the mountains that surround
have no being until sunrise, yet here the moon
of my last judgment rises,
the moon of my end of days.
Its light creeps in the window,
draws me out to the walled patio –
bright as day, yet secret
from the world -- where my mind’s eye
plucks the reflected places of youth
from a heart’s memory.
Moon of my regret shines full and ripe,
piercing as nails palmed in agony.
Moon of long shadows, moving,
yet unmoved, and I unmoving,
sleepless as I am under this Nevada sky,
no longer wandering -- at home and yet
far from it. Poem of my loneliness,
moon that breaks my heart,
where is my forgiveness?